# THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various,—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

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## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*For the Port Folio.*

### THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

### No. 163.

MR. SAUNTER,

TO an ingenuous mind, nothing appears so truly venerable or excites a more powerful interest than the occasional society and undisguised conversation of a man of real virtue, far advanced into the transitory vale of existence; one who has buffeted the storms of adversity by the aid of virtuous philosophy, and accumulated a large stock of experimental knowledge without extinguishing his philanthropy; one whose dignified manners, and benign serenity of countenance, presage an uncorrupted heart and intelligent head. In the presence of such men, virtue shines with pre-eminent splendor; morality is extorted from the libertine; and haggard vice shrinks abashed within itself. I need not inform you that in the social intercourse, and entire confidence of a being corresponding exactly with the preceding outlines, I have derived genuine pleasure, mingled with useful instruction. For these last thirty years, this amiable and truly excellent man has resided in the country, enjoying perfect tranquillity, secluded from the empty bustle of the world, and looking unconcernedly through the quiet 'loop holes of retreat.' There the natural benevolence of his guiltless heart expands, and he is the dispenser of happiness to all those who have been so fortunate as to live within the sphere of his virtues. During the earlier periods of his life, he mixed freely with the fashionable world; and, without contaminating his principles, enjoyed the agreeable relaxation of mirth, and partook largely of what are denominated the pleasures of society. At length, by the fraud and villany of those in whom his unsuspecting heart confided, he was swindled of half his fortune. This unfortunate event was the origin of a succeeding calamity, which sunk deep, and made an indelible impression in the good old gentleman's heart. A young lady of high respectability, whom he thought the paragon of excellence, shared his undivided affections. The partial loss of his estate was deemed by her avaricious parents an irreparable obstruction to the consummation of his passion, and the lady was ultimately compelled to sacrifice her felicity to the inexorable mandates of parental authority. The good old gentleman sustained this most bitter of all disappointments with the calm resignation of a Christian, and the unshaken firmness of a man. Respect to the only object of his love has induced him to preserve inviolable celibacy, abandon the intricate mazes of love, and as the ladies would elegantly term it, become a 'fusty old

bachelor.' Happening to be on a visit to his friends, the extreme brilliancy of our fashionable republican nobility this winter awakened a curiosity in the old gentleman to become a spectator, and contrast the manners of the present age with those in days of yore. Anticipating his astonishment, I accepted with alacrity the proposition; and, a few evenings since, had the pleasure of ushering my old friend into a tea-room, considered here as the preliminary etiquette of a ball. We commenced preparations at an early hour. During the duties of the toilette, my companion assured me he was not one of those prejudiced old codgers whose acidity would not allow them to derive any pleasure in what they were averse to participate; on the contrary, he flattered himself with enjoying entertainment and instruction by contemplating the present improved state of manners, which report had led him to believe had attained a very finished polish. A whole hour elapsed before he could decide on the particular style of dress in which he thought proper to appear; for the old gentleman still cherished the antiquated punctilios of good breeding and fashion. A formidable well-powdered tie-periwig, adorned with an elegant black satin bag and rose, was deemed an indispensible appendage: a pair of broad-rimmed glittering silver buckles, chocolate coloured coat and breeches, cocked hat, and gold hilted sword, were next selected. In vain I remonstrated against his obsolete ideas of elegance, he being resolved to consult with scrupulous tenacity his own taste, in order (said he) to heighten its contrast, for I entertain no suspicion of exciting ridicule where good breeding presides. Preparations having at length terminated, we sallied forth in primitive splendor, and were in a few moments driven to Mrs. Fiddlefaddle's, the spouse of a rich and ponderous alderman of that name; the lady is justly considered as the criterion of taste, lives to the very acme of ton, and as Sancho Pansa would express it, is decidedly the very cream and scum of fashion. We were presently accosted by a gentleman in waiting, equipped à la mode de France, who my friend innocently mistook for one of the company, and saluted him accordingly, with a courteous inclination of the body: I, however, corrected his error before he had time to utter a syllable, adding that, 'liveries were long since thrown aside,' and 'like master like man' was now in vogue. From hence we entered the tea-room, which was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of belles and beaux, through the midst of whom I made our way to the hostess, and presented my old friend, with suitable formality. He saluted her with profound reverence, appropriately expressing the high sense he entertained of the honor done him. The surprise my friend's old fashioned garb created instantly evaporated in an universal titter from the ladies; some of the male animalcula of fashion evinced their 'horreur', by a significant 'hem!' others prettily lisped 'Demme, what rusticated old Put is that: did you ever, my dear mem, see any thing so preposterously outré?' Happily my friend did not discover, or was too well bred to acknowledge, himself the object of their risibility and gentleman-like attention. A brace of *fashionable near-sighted* bloods scrutinized my companion with the most impertinent curiosity, shrugging up the shoulders, and vociferated a clamorous horse-laugh, or restless asses bray; ejaculating, 'Par Dieu! what quizzical figure is that? In the name of his Satanic Majesty, has the bête been dug up from Herculaneum, or was he an inhabitant of Noah's Ark?' Perceiving my venerable friend's embarrassment, I seated myself beside him, and inquired 'How he liked the company?' The first objects against which he fulminated his displeasure was the fashionable indecency of the ladies, and outlandish forwardness of the gentlemen. Modesty, he inferred, had been kicked out of good company, and did not belong to the present catalogue of feminine virtues. 'If a lady, in my time,' continued the old gentleman, with ardour, 'had had the audacity to display half so many naked charms, she would inevitably have fallen into a decay of reputation.' I

answered, 'that the epidemical distemper, to which he alluded, had long since been extirpated from the bulk of American elegantes.' Just as he had begun a dissertation on the close tucker, short petticoats, and tamboured apron of his maiden aunt, Miss Diana Durable, who was the leader of fashion forty years ago, we were interrupted by a shrill echo from the opposite corner of the room. On investigation it proved to be a heterogeneous party of French, Spanish, and American guests, who were testifying their tumultuous plaudits at the exhibition of a Frenchman's musical talents. Not a song or duet—O no! no! an imitation of the bugle horn, which, by a happy contortion of muscles, issued from his mouth in the most copious and animated strains. The old gentleman stared at this delicate species of modern sentimental amusement, but did not deign to open his mouth wider than to exclaim an emphatic 'pish!' Unfortunately, I had described in glowing colours, before we set out from home, the happy specimens of wit and delicate sentiment which abounded in many of our fashionable coteries. The ladies pronounced it 'very strange! very droll!' and the gentlemen declared, 'pon honor, it was *fort original*,' and was 'an excellent hoax, demme!' Having now finished with the element of scandal (tea), the company withdrew in the utmost confusion to the dancing room, which was fitted up in a very elegant taste. Cotillions were immediately formed, country dances and minuets having been long since unanimously voted a 'bore.' My friend, on being solicited to join, alleged by way of excuse his entire ignorance of the present style of dancing. He afterwards whispered slyly into my ear, that 'old as he was, he would be delighted to walk a minuet with that elegant figure,' pointing to Miss Plum: I instantly signified his wishes to the lady, who politely declined, having formed a pre-engagement to walk with Mr. Ichobad Dibble. My worthy friend reprobated, with just acrimony, the general adoption of French manners, 'not (said he) that I entirely disapprove, but, in my opinion, an affectation of them, daubed on, as it were, so glaringly awkward, appears indecent and ridiculous.' To the Ladies' fine forms he gave unqualified commendation. A numerous variety of old-fashioned observations escaped my old friend, which were I to relate, I fear would lead to unavoidable prolixity. The evening chosen for this entertainment was Saturday, and as my old friend is a high church-of-England-man, he signified his inclination to withdraw before Sunday morning; I instantly assented, and we proceeded to take leave of Mrs. Fiddlefaddle; my old friend retreating backward three steps, in order to add grace and mingle respect in his parting bow: it was answered by an approbating nod; and we departed. His remarks after we returned to our lodgings, if you (from the character of the man) deem them worthy of notice, will probably constitute the subject of a further communication.

AMERICANUS.

P. S. Not a single cigarr was even attempted to be fumigated during the whole evening, and no efforts to smoke, except abortive attempts to smoke my old companion.

*New York.*

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*For the Port Folio.*

## BIOGRAPHY.

### LIFE OF LOGAN.

[*Concluded.*]

The play is intended to awaken sentiments of liberty and public spirit in the hearts of his countrymen. But *Liberty* is by no means *a stranger to the stage*. It makes the principal subject of the 'Cato,' of Addison, and has been brought forward by Voltaire in his "Brutus," and "Death of Cæsar;" to omit a crowd of less illustrious examples. The stories which form the most striking exemplification of moral or political heroism, the death of Socrates, or the catastrophe of Cato, through inexpressibly beautiful and engaging in themselves, are by no means calculated to succeed upon the theatre. This has been imputed to the necessity of introducing the passion of love, in order to make a tragedy interesting. But this is by no means the case. The tragedies of Shakspeare, the *Athalie*, the *Merope*, and the *Orphelin de la Chine*, on the French theatre, have been suc-

cessful without this subsidiary aid. In reality, nothing more is requisite than an event full of anxiety and uncertainty, and subject to the greatest and most unexpected changes of fortune. Addison found the inability of supporting the representation of five acts, merely by the patriotism of Cato. Logan has also found the necessity of recurring to the aid of an improbable love-tale. Exclusive of the injudiciousness of this circumstance, it must be allowed to be a very interesting and pathetic performance. The diction is nervous and elegant; though it is sometimes deficient in grace, and sometimes chargeable with redundancy and amplification. It has many passages highly dramatic and highly poetical. It has a beauty directly the reverse of amplification. He not unfrequently concenters a thought, which an unskilful poet would have dilated, in a very few words, and by that means gives it a high degree of force and pathos. The whole performance is animated with the noblest enthusiasm for liberty, and is stamped with the peculiar characters of genius. The spirited address to *King John*, which is put into the mouth of *Elvine*, asserting the natural rights of mankind, in opposition to tyranny and oppression, is the most singular passage in the play. But, it is difficult to interest the generality of readers in sentiments of public virtue, which are in a great measure peculiar to minds of a superior order.

In his *Odes*, he is rather characterised by the sprightly and tender than by the sublime; yet his muse preserves her dignity, and retains that pleasing wildness, that excursive humour, which necessarily enter into the genius of lyric poetry. She discovers not by the barbarity of her accent, and the harshness of her numbers, that she has acquired her first ideas of harmony and modulation north of the Tweed. The numbers are easy, the language is elegant, and the stanzas are regular throughout. The regular measure is always preferable to loose and irregular numbers, while the length and variety of the stanza prevent the disgust of monotony; because in poetry, as in music, it is necessary that there should be a proportion of parts, so that the ear should be accustomed to the modulation. The selection of his subjects displays at once the delicacy of his taste, and the sensibility of his heart.

The *Ode to the Cuckoo*, which he is supposed to have written, and certainly improved, is distinguished by the delicate graces of simplicity and tenderness, in the highest degree. The hint of this exquisite performance was probably taken from "A Song to the Cuckoo," the earliest specimen of song-writing extant in our language; but the train of the thoughts is purely original. His *Ode to Woman* is sprightly and poetical, but inclines more to the *beautiful* than to the *sublime* species of lyric composition. It is more in the manner of Anacreon than Pindar. We cannot, however, admit that any modern breathes the true spirit of Anacreon. There is, in the sound of the Teian lyre, an irresistible and ineffable magic, when struck by the hand of its original master, which no other touch can extort. His *Odes* written in *Spring* and *Autumn*, and his other descriptive and allegorical performances, are not destitute of pathetic sentiment and agreeable description; but their spirit and genius are of a more abstracted kind, and will be most admired by those few congenial minds, who can discern and feel the finer influences of fancy, who can enjoy the enthusiasm of visionary communications, and aspire to the regions of ideal existence. But, abstracted from all external praise, there is a charm in the indulgence of poetic fancy; and in this respect poetry, like virtue, is its own reward.

Of his *Lovers* and *Tale* the sentiments are delicate and noble, and the narration is animated and agreeable. He judiciously avoids that minuteness which anticipates every reflection of the reader, and supports attention without an affectation of brilliancy, and without wandering from his purpose, like an ordinary artist, in search of flowers and embellishment. He well knew that poetry, when it fails to interest the affections, is no longer the animated language of nature. His *Braes of Yarrow* is an imitation of Hamilton's beautiful ballad of that name; but his story of the bereaved bride surpasses the original. Ovid, Propertius, and Tibullus, never composed a more affecting and impassioned elegy. The poem on Hero and Leander cannot boast a stronger infusion of the soft and tender, of energy and pathos.

His *Hymns* may challenge a comparison with the most popular compositions of that kind in our language; but they add little to his poetical reputation. Most of them were originally printed, with some variations, in the collection of "Translations and Paraphrases of Sacred Scripture," 1781, used in public worship in Scotland. It appears from a copy of the "Paraphrases, &c." in the possession of Dr. Robertson, in which the several authors are distinguished by Logan, that he is the most considerable, as well as the most poetical, contributor to that collection of sacred poems. In majesty and sublimity of sentiment, grandeur and solemnity of description, and beauty and simplicity of expression, he maintains a distinguished superiority over his competitors. His version of *Genesis* xxvii, 20—22, has exceeding merit. If his efforts to smooth the path of duty by the powers of imagination, and to win our attention to the precepts of life by ornament and harmony, are sometimes unsuccessful, his motives at least deserve applause. He is even entitled to some praise, for having done better than others what no versifier of

the sacred writings has done well. "Poetical devotion," to use the emphatical words of Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, "cannot often please. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state that poetry can confer. Whatever is great, desirable or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted, Infinity cannot be amplified, Perfection cannot be improved. Of sentiments purely religious, it will be generally found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere." But, besides this want of conformity and assimilation between piety and poetry, there is another reason why the versification of the sacred writings should not be attended with success; the want of conformity and assimilation between language and sentiment. Nothing can be more striking and opposite than the different genius of the English and the Hebrew poetry. The eastern muse is daring, fervent, and unsubdued in her progress; snatching at figures remote in their nature and disposition, frequently inattentive to consistency and connection, desultory in sentiment, and abrupt in expression. These qualities are utterly unfit for the regular and limited walks of rhyme. The songs of Sion will no more bend to the genius of a strange language than their singers would of old to the commands of their conquerors, when called upon to sing them in a strange land.

*For the Port Folio.*

## MISCELLANY.

[Much false criticism has been uttered on the subject of GOLDSMITH'S prose writing. In particular, it has been deliberately asserted, that his History of the Earth and Animated Nature was not only a venal but a dull book, displaying none of the beauties of the Author. Nothing can be more audacious than such an injurious falshood. The work in question is remarkable for the vivacity of its descriptions, the elegance of its diction, and the harmony of its periods. It is true, it is not so remarkable for the truths of science, as for the graces of genius. But our business is with the style; and, in this respect, it may be perused with not less advantage than the Vicar of Wakefield, or those Essays which dispute the palm with the Tatler.]

### ACCOUNT OF THE SQUIRREL.

[*From Goldsmith.*]

The squirrel is a beautiful little animal,* which is but half savage; and which, from the gentleness and innocence of its manners, deserves our protection. It is neither carnivorous nor hurtful; its usual food is fruits, nuts and acorns; it is cleanly, nimble, active and industrious; its eyes are sparkling, and its physiognomy marked with meaning. It generally, like the hare and rabbit, sits upon its hinder legs, and uses the fore paws as hands; these have five claws or toes, as they are called, and one of them is separate from the rest, like a thumb. This animal seems to approach the nature of birds, from its lightness, and surprising agility on the tops of trees. It seldom descends to the ground, except in case of storms, but jumps from one branch to another; feeds, in spring, on the buds and young shoots; in summer, on the ripening fruits; and particularly the young cones of the pine tree. In autumn, it has an extensive variety to feast upon; the acorn, the filberd, the chesnut, and the wilding. This season of plenty, however, is not spent in idle enjoyment; the provident little animal gathers at that time its provisions for the winter, and cautiously foresees the season when the forest shall be stripped of its leaves and fruitage.

Its nest is generally formed among the large branches of a great tree, where they begin to fork off into small ones. After chusing the place where the timber begins to decay, and an hollow may the more easily be formed, the squirrel begins by making a kind of level between the forks; and then, bringing moss, twigs, and dry leaves, it binds them together with great art, so as to resist the most violent storm. This is covered up on all sides, and has but a single opening at top, which is just large enough to admit the little animal; and this opening is itself defended from

* Buffon.

the weather, by a kind of canopy made in the fashion of a cone, so that it throws off the rain, though ever so heavy. The nest, though formed, with a very little opening above, is, nevertheless, very commodious and roomy below; soft, well knit together, and every way convenient and warm. In this retreat, the little animal brings forth its young, shelters itself from the scorching heat of the sun, which it seems to fear, and from the storm and inclemency of winter, which it is still less capable of supporting. Its provision of nuts and acorns is seldom in its nest, but in the hollows of the tree, laid up carefully together, and never touched but in cases of necessity. Thus one single tree serves for a retreat and a store-house; and, without leaving it during the winter, the squirrel possesses all those enjoyments that its nature is capable of receiving. But, it sometimes happens that its little mansion is attacked by a deadly and powerful foe. The martin goes often in quest of a retreat for its young, which it is incapable of making for itself; for this reason, it fixes upon the nest of a squirrel, and, with double injustice, destroys the tenant, and then takes possession of the mansion.

However, this is a calamity that but seldom happens: and, of all other animals, the squirrel leads the most frolicksome playful life; being surrounded with abundance, and having few enemies to fear. They are in heat early in the spring; when, as a modern naturalist says,† it is very diverting to see the female feigning an escape from the pursuit of two or three males, and to observe the various proofs they give of their agility, which is then exerted in full force. Nature seems to have been particular in her formation of these animals for propagation; however, they seldom bring forth above four or five young at a time; and that but once a year. The time of their gestation seems to be about six weeks; they are pregnant in the beginning of April, and bring forth about the middle of May.

† British Zoology.

The squirrel is never found in the open fields, nor yet in copses or underwoods; it always keeps in the midst of the tallest trees, and, as much as possible, shuns the habitations of man. It is extremely watchful; if the tree in which it resides be but touched at the bottom, the squirrel instantly takes the alarm, quits its nest, at once flies off to another tree, and thus travels, with great ease, along the tops of the forest, until it finds itself perfectly out of danger. In this manner, it continues for some hours at a distance from home, until the alarm be past; and then it returns by paths that to all quadrupeds but itself are utterly impassable. Its usual way of moving is by bounds; these it takes from one tree to another, at forty feet distance; and if at any time it is obliged to descend, it runs up the side of the next tree, with amazing facility. It has an extremely sharp piercing note, which most usually expresses pain; it has another, more like the purring of a cat, which it employs when pleased; at least it appeared so in that from whence I have taken a part of this description.

In Lapland, and the extensive forests of the North, the squirrels are observed to change their habitation, and to remove in vast numbers from one country to another. In these migrations they are generally seen by thousands, travelling directly forward; while neither rocks, forests, nor even the broadest waters can stop their progress. What I am going to relate appears so extraordinary that, were it not attested by numbers of the most credible historians, among whom are Klein and Linnæus, it might be rejected with that scorn with which we treat imposture or credulity: however, nothing can be more true than that when these animals, in their progress, meet with broad rivers. or extensive lakes, which abound in Lapland, they take a very extraordinary method of crossing them. Upon approaching the banks, and perceiving the breadth of the water, they return, as if by common consent, into the neighbouring forest, each in quest of a piece of bark, which answers all the purposes of boats

for wafting them over. When the whole company are fitted in this manner, they boldly commit their little fleet to the waves; every squirrel sitting on its own piece of bark, and fanning the air with its tail, to drive the vessel to its desired port. In this orderly manner they set forward, and often cross lakes, several miles broad. But it too often happens that the poor mariners are not aware of the dangers of their navigation; for although at the edge of of the water it is generally calm, in the midst it is always more turbulent. There, the slightest additional gust of wind oversets the little sailor and his vessel together. The whole navy, that but a few minutes before rode proudly and securely along, is now overturned, and a shipwreck of two or three thousail ensues. This, which is so unfortunate for the little animal, is generally the most lucky accident in the world for the Laplander on the shore; who gathers up the dead bodies as they are thrown in by the waves, eats the flesh, and sells the skins for about a shilling the dozen.‡

The squirrel is easily tamed, and it is then a very familiar animal. It loves to lie warm, and will often creep into a man's pocket or his bosom. It is usually kept in a box, and fed with hazelnuts. Some find amusement in observing with what ease it bites the nut open and eats the kernel. In short, it is a pleasing pretty little domestic; and its tricks and habitudes may serve to entertain a mind unequal to stronger operations.

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*For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I continue an humble gazer at the literature and other attractions of Philadelphia; I devour your newspapers, my favourite food; I tickle my palate with the sweet things and short-cakes of the Port Folio; and I sometimes sip a little (for I cannot boast of drinking deeply) at the Library; and, now that neither Miss Louisa nor Miss Catharine walks on her hands, or bites her own toes; now that there is no longer any fun in crowding to Mr. Fennell's on a Saturday-night, because we can no longer disappoint Mr. Cooper of a house; now that Mr. Wright's bill is lost, and Mr. Gregg's is carried, to be carried; now, I say, I begin to feel the leisure, and to summon the resolution, to burden you with another of my rambling epistles.

And, first, for your Library, whence I am now writing, and which I should be ashamed to have entered, and still more to have mentioned, without seizing this opportunity of testifying to you my warmest admiration of its institution and conduct. The extraordinary liberality with which it is thrown open to the public reflects the truest honour on the city of Philadelphia; but it is adorned by another feature of equal importance with the excellence of its design: I mean the unwearied civilities of its present librarians.

Whatever may have been the original intention, I find that the apartments of the Library (or, to speak strictly, Libraries) are not now to be considered as reading-rooms. Before I saw the matter in this point of view, I was at a loss to imagine for what purpose the doors were unlocked only between the hours of two and six in the afternoon; or, in other words, in precisely that part of the day which must least suit the convenience of any description of persons disposed to enter. That they were shut in the morning I easily explained, on the principle that, let the idlers of this city be as numerous as they might, no large portion of their numbers were of the literary kind; but I was not so readily satisfied of the expedience with which access was forbidden in the evening, because I have been accustomed to see places of this description well attended in that part of the day, both by the young and by the aged; because it appears to me that such a practice affords a medium of relaxation highly favourable to public morals and good taste; a relaxation and an indulgence

‡ Oeuvres de Regnard.

with which youth might be gratified free of the expense of dramatic exhibitions; and a weapon, in aid of a wise and beneficent police, by which an hour or two might be occasionally rescued from cigarrs and rum and claret and madeira. But, however the arrangement may surprise me, or however much it may deprive me of that portion of pleasure which the Libraries would otherwise afford me, I find sufficient to deserve my praise in what is actually established, and have no doubt that local circumstances abundantly account for the rest.

You have already, Mr. Oldschool, perceived me to be one of 'those who lurk in the neutrality of criticism;' my habit of examining the Port Folio is alike within your knowledge; and your other correspondents must excuse me if I sometimes amuse myself at their expense. If, by this acknowledgement, or by any overt act, I should kindle their wrath, assure them that I will not refuse satisfaction. I present my whole surface to their fire. Judges may be judged, and critics may be criticised; and, if those whom I criticise can find nothing to criticise in me, all I can say is, that it is their fault, and not mine.

I make this preamble much less with reference to any hard things I meditate, than of the offensive words I may unwittingly let fall; of the hyper-irritability of system in those very irritable personages, who, in America, derive their lineage from the Muses; and more especially, on account of the Mimosa-feelings of the young gentleman on the banks of the Ohio. It is not, Sir, that I am about, in any way, as I hope, to put those feelings to new trials; but I allude to them for the sake of illustrating one of the tempers with which criticism is too much received, and still more for that of offering some general observations, in no respect calculated, as I flatter myself, to induce the translator of the Ode to Lydia to throw his reed into the stream, or hang his harp upon the willows.

I am equally unacquainted with the Madrigal and with the criticisms of Messrs. Colon and Spondee; I have even refrained from attempting to gratify my curiosity as to how the rhymes 'neck and speak, untorn and burn,' could possibly put a man into danger of being called a 'French philosopher,' or a philosopher of any other description, or 'one of Buonaparte's officers.' For my own part, I think, *primâ facie*, they would have led me to suspect neither a philosopher nor a conjuror;—but, it this moment occurs to me, that, in the cant of the day, among those who certainly are neither philosophers nor conjurors, philosopher is a by-word of reproach, and used *ad libitum*; on this topic, however, or something like it, I shall have occasion to touch again. As to 'Buonaparte's officers,' I have not learned whether they are or are not peculiarly unfortunate in tagging rhymes; whether, like Othello, they are 'rude of speech,' or, like Richard, but little fitted for the 'piping-time of peace.' They seem to have what is called a *knack* at turning wings and redoubts; but, that they turn couplets with equal facility, I confess I am unable to assert.

The question I regard as of most interest is this. What are Messrs. Colon and Spondee, or what is any other critic, to the 'young man on the banks of the Ohio,' or to any other man? If their remarks were just, why were they not submitted to in silence, and employed to the best advantage? If they were unjust, why was not their injustice exposed, or despised? If they were ridiculous, why was not the ridicule turned against them, or left where alone it could truly rest? If they consisted merely in 'forced and waggish constructions,' why was that which every man is exposed to received so peevishly?

But, the Madrigal out of the question, I must dispute the ground that has been taken by H: it is absolutely necessary to dislodge him from that post. Bad rhymes are not to be defended, even though they should be discoverable in Pope. Among these, however, I would not include syllables spelled alike, and of similar quantity, though differently pronounced; as *wears* and *tears*, *bow*, *now*, and *brow*; but *appear'd* and *reward*,

*streams* and *Thames*, *obey* and *tea*, *sweet* and *wait*, *fate* and *retreat*, are not rhymes, let who will write them. There are some rhymes which the ear neither entirely condemns nor entirely approves; as *tears*, *pray'rs*; and I would forbid the use of them to no poet who has sufficient nerve, not to tremble nor wince at criticism. There is one consideration remaining, to which much weight ought to be allowed. Rhymes collected from such a poem as the Dunciad, or even the Translation of the Iliad, are not to be taken as authorities for what is admissible in an Ode. It has been said of the Sonnet, that it must be a string of pearls, of which not a single one must be defective in colour or roundness; and the same is true of the Ode. These short productions must be exquisite in all their parts. A poem may be very agreeable that is not exquisite in all its parts; but, then, he that writes it should neither indulge in wrath nor in despair because its imperfections are exposed. With respect to elisions, also, a line is to be drawn. The line from Pope,

I tell you, fool, *there's* nothing *in 't*,

is no authority for the use of such elisions in all kinds of poetry. I find no fault with

*'Till* death *th'* indissoluble knot unbind;

but, my lord Strangford has grievously marred his translation of one of the sonnets of Camoens by commencing one of the lines with

'Cause that blind boy.—

Here is an elision which can be allowable only in burlesque composition.

I trust, and as far as I can judge, I believe, that the good sense of the translator is such, as to justify me in no longer hesitating to make one or two criticisms. I cannot admit that

Telephus's *ruby* neck

is the proper translation of

Telephi
Cervice roseam.

I prefer Mr. Boscawen's

—— roseate neck.

He must forgive me, if I can discover no more beauty in a ruby neck than in a ruby nose; and I think that Lydia saw with the same eyes that I do. I cannot answer for the precise meaning of *roseus*, in the age of Horace; but, the rose is an object of so many charms that the world has adopted it as the collective sign of numerous ideas. Its form, its colour, its touch, its odour, unite to render it the appropriate symbol of almost universal beauty. With each and all of its attributes, love may compare the object of its delight. In this large sense, we have indeed no corresponding epithet, unless it be that very *roseate*, used by Mr. Boscawen; but, if the Romans could call a girl *mea Rosa*, so we have the baptismal names of Rosa and Rose. I shall not contend that the *cervix rosea* of Horace means any thing more than a neck possessing that beauty which is the reverse of sallowness; but, a rosy or roseate neck, has this beauty in the expression, that its meaning is equivocal; it may have the meaning not only of soft, but of that sweetness we meet with in the *Venus and Adonis* of Shakespeare:

Poor flow'r! quoth she, this was thy father's guise
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire!)
For ev'ry little grief to wet his eyes.

Taking it, however, as denoting nothing but colour, still we must conceive a colour very different from that which is understood by ruby. Let us have ruby lips; but no ruby neck! In whatever concerns the colour red, there is no little perplexity in the languages of mankind. This colour delights us, and therefore attracts our attention more than all others. If the rose may be taken for the sign of absolute beauty, so, it appears, may redness. The Russians call a *beautiful girl* by a term which, literally, signifies a *red girl*; and we ourselves talk of ruddy beauty, and the rose that blooms

On the fresh cheek of Innocence;

nay, we do more; we beset the merchant for quintals of a commodity with which we try to imitate that rose. In a word, I would not have the rose forgotten by any translator of the *cervix rosea*. Something more should be understood

by it than the colour of the neck; but, if I am asked what colour it paints to my mind, I shall freely answer that it is no other than what we mean when we speak of *the bloom of youth;* that which I likewise understand by the *purple light of youth*, and which, a little heightened, I take to be the *purple light of love:*

Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum. VIRGIL.

The *bloom* of *young* DESIRE, and *purple light* of LOVE. GRAY.

Nay, *cervix rosea* may only mean fair, not tawney, not coarse. Indeed, what becomes of the ruby neck, if the *Rosea cervice refulgit* of Virgil be rightly translated by *a neck like the* WHITE *rose?* After what I have said of the rose, I may venture to add, that I believe the truest rendering of *rosea* would be by *beautiful*, or *lovely*.

Mr. Oldschool, your correspondent maintains his friend's translation of the third stanza, and appeals to the commentators on the Delphini edition; but I think the text affords strong evidence in favour of Mr. Boscawen. Let us see the three parties before us:

Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpârunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
HOR. LIB. I. ODE XIII.

I rage when drunken brawls and strife
Disturb the pleasures of thy life;
When the rash boy, with liquors warm,
Degrades with blows thy lovely form;
Or, kissing thee with fury blind,
Leaves on thy lips the marks behind.
PORT FOLIO, P. 154.

I rage whene'er the beauties of thy breast,
Rude brawls and drunken revelries disgrace;
When the fierce spoiler has imprest,
Rude kisses on thy tender face.
BOSCAWEN'S HORACE.

I am very far from pleased with Mr. Boscawen's translation; but, how, in the former, we find the 'rude boy' in the first member of the sentence, while Horace has not introduced him till the second, I cannot conceive: in Horace, I find him giving 'rude kisses,' but I hear nothing of his blows. Besides, Sir, I cannot find that *uror* is a word to express that rage which Horace would assuredly have felt if Lydia had been struck. *Uror* signifies, *I am racked; I am burnt with shame:* it is, in part, the feeling of Heloisa:

I can no more, with rage, with grief oppprest;
My shame and burning blushes speak the rest;

and how conformable is this with the sentiments of Horace, previously expressed!

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ! meum
Fervens difficili bilé tumet jecur!
Tunc, nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

These stanzas I think, in some parts, better translated by your correspondent's friend, than by Mr. Boscawen. 'Tender arms' is infinitely better than 'soft taper arms;' but, in my opinion, it it should be *twining*. My business, however, is with the sentiments; and are these such as bespeak a man who only burnt when Lydia was struck?

When the rash boy, with liquors warm,
Degrades with blows thy beauteous form.

Horace says, that he is inflamed, afflicted, when her naked beauties are exposed, dishonoured, profaned, amid brawls and drunken excesses. That blows sometimes pass on such occasions is very true; but Horace says nothing of them; and it is surely more worthy of him to believe his sensibility wounded by the exposure of her naked beauties, and by that alone. If she were struck, I do not see that the case were much aggravated by that nakedness. Again, there is an anticlimax in the construction I oppose; for, if Horace were inflamed when a half-intoxicated youth left the marks of his teeth upon her lips, how much more would he have felt, had she received blows? All the laws of composition, that is, all the laws of right reason, ordain that the lesser outrage should not be mentioned after the greater. The import of the whole stanza I conceive to be this: 'I am burnt with anguish, whether thy naked beauties be exposed, amid drunken excesses, or the

wine-maddened boy leave the marks of his teeth on thy lips.' Horace here betrays the same sentiment of tenderness with that of Palemon:

What pity that a form so delicately fair
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown!

But, if I cannot repel the charge of blows, it is time I relieved the fair reader, who, I am confident, has interested herself in this controversy, as to their being given on the *breast*, as Mr. Boscawen translates it, or on the whole *form*, as must be understood from what I have quoted from the Port Folio. Horace says, *tibi candidos humeros; thy white shoulders*; and I, who believe all the dishonour he speaks of to have consisted in exposure, am of opinion that the whole amount of his complaint is no more than that Lydia anticipated the nakedness of the modern *bon-ton*. By the way, I have a design here, to carry my cause by an oblique hit; for blows on the *shoulders* are not in the nature of drunken blows; they imply regular castigation, which was surely not the species of indignity, or ill usage, Horace deplored in the condition of Lydia.

Along with this explanation, I may seize the opportunity of giving another. The *cervix rosea* which Lydia so much admired in Telephus, was the back part of the neck. 'The turn of the neck and arms,' says Mr. Boscawen, 'is often commended, in the Latin poets, among the beauties of a man. This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe, in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view as much as our hands and face are at present.'

Your correspondent has pointed out a faulty rhyme or two in the translation; but there is still another, and one that displeases me more than all the rest:

Does those sweet kisses violate
Which Venus hath herself imbued,
In her own sweet nectareous fluid.

*In her own* ought to be *with her own*. Mr Boscawen translates the passage thus:

——who dar'd those lips profane,
That breath'd the nectar'd sweets of love.

I am offended at the introduction of *fluid*. It reminds me too much of some of the less fortunate verses of Mr. Moore. Horace is more elegant; leaves more to the imagination. Mr. Boscawen has not rendered the expression faithfully. Horace says nothing of breathing; and he certainly never thought that *lips* breathed. On the other hand, it is equally inconceivable that Venus should imbue *kisses*, in or with her own sweet nectareous fluid. The text is very simple, and cannot be improved by alteration; *oscula* is, unfortunately, beyond the reach of a translator:

Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbare,
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

'Thou wouldst not, if my voice could 'persuade thee, expect durable happi-'ness from him who thus barbarously 'outrages that sweet mouth, which Ve-'nus imbued with the quintessence of 'her own nectar.'

Here, I take leave of the translations; but, in order to defend my proposed rendering of *cerea brachia*, I find it necessary to take a view of the whole ode, of which, indeed, the beauty might excuse even a more lengthened examination than I shall have given it. I suppose Horace to have heard Lydia praise Telephus solely with regard to personal charms; and I believe that a little reflection on human nature, as well as on the tenor of the ode, will justify my opinion. I suppose her a mere wanton, and not in love with Telephus. But, 'tender arms' is sentimental; it has in it that blending of moral and physical ideas which is the soul of sentimental language; I therefore prefer *twining*. I say, that I suppose Lydia a mere wanton. Horace does not speak of Telephus as of a rival in her affections. The aim of the ode is to inspire a wanton with sentiment; to reclaim her to love. Horace paints his own passion, and her degradation. On the one hand, he would awaken pity; on the other, disgust. The fourth stanza is exceedingly ingenious. To wean her from Telephus, he endeavours to make her hate his present conduct, and expect nothing from his future. Add to this, he touches on her superiority to

so unworthy a thraldom, and the instance involves a passionate compliment. Nothing can be more artful than this introduction to the morality of the last stanza, in which, with the fire and grandeur that characterise his odes, he extols marriage. Thomson has enlarged upon this stanza, in lines of which it would be trite to praise the beauty:

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos inrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

But, happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still h.d them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long day of vernal life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Such, Sir, are the observations that have occurred to me upon perusing this article of the Port Folio; and I trust that, in the event of your affording them a place, they will give neither reasonable nor unreasonable dissatisfaction to the correspondent whom they import. False rhymes are easily altered; and, if the interpretations of Horace contained in the translation are right, my criticisms will not make them wrong.

The translator of the *Ode ad Lydiam* is not the only communication on which I have it in mind to make a few remarks; but I have gossipped, as usual, down I know not how many sides of paper, and must begin to think of making a conclusion. The ambition, however, of bringing what honey I can to the hive whence I receive so much, forbids me to lay down my pen without transcribing for your use a few French verses, with which I am more than commonly pleased:

A ma prière, à mes desirs,
L'Amour encor n'a cedé qu'une plume:
Le cadeau, me dit-il, suffit à tes plaisirs;
Il suffit à chasser l'ennui qui te consume;
Il dit; et je m'en sers pour écrire à maman:
J'aurai bientôt volé vers elle,
Si cet Amour, plus complaisant,
M'avait voulu prêter son aile.

This little poem which, as the reader sees, is addressed to an absent mother, is averred to be the production of a child of eight years of age. The productions of early talents are often praised less on account of their intrinsic merit, than of that encouragement we take so much pleasure in affording to youthful efforts, or that indulgence with which we view their feebleness; and it may be further observed, that the literary palm least out of the way of children is that which belongs to language. With a good understanding, elegant reading or conversation, and a correct ear, there is more rarity than wonder in their writing good prose or verse; but the fruits of imagination are much less to be expected from their years. In these lines, however, we have both diction and thought, worthy of the most cultivated talents; and, what delights me most is, the thought, though as brilliant and as elegant as any thing that can deserve these epithets, is still as simple as suits the infantine mind from which we are assured it came.

One scrap and one comment more, and I have done. The spirit of the verses I subjoin has induced me to copy them from amid a parcel of rubbish, but not without taking the liberty to make a few alterations, which, considering the beauty of the poem, I was surprised to find necessary, but which, on offering them to you, I could not omit. I found them with the title of *A Translation from the Greek of Meleager, by* ——— *Ogle, Esq.* and so I leave them:

Who buys the wanton god of love? who buys,
As on his mother's beauteous breast he lies?
I will not nurture the audacious boy
That loads with lasting pain the fleeting joy,
Equipp'd with darts to wound, and wings to fly,
Of open face, but of too sharp an eye;

Or griev'd or pleas'd, still various he appears,
With smiles his grief, his pleasures mix'd with tears;
Beside his will no other law he seeks,
Loud when he laughs, and flippant when he speaks;
Perverse by habit, as by nature wild,
Though little, strong; and cruel, though a child;
No act of violence his hand forbears;
The wretch not even his own mother spares:
In every part a monster; in the whole
A monster, both in body and in soul.
Come, merchant, you that navigate the seas,
Come, take the miscreant, at what price you please!
Sold he shall be.—Hold! hasty merchant, hold!
The boy relents, the boy shall not be sold!
How loth he seems to quit the fond embrace!
Behold! what pearly tears bedew his face!
What moving pray'rs his voice discloses, hear!
Well, Love! thy sentence shall be less severe:
With my Zenophile for ever rest;
Thou wilt not wish for Cytherea's breast!

METOICOS.

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*For the Port Folio.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I hasten to reply to the question proposed to me, in terms of so much condescension, by Columbia. Your correspondent has examined Johnson's definitions of *progressed*, *opposed*, and *inform*; and they appear to her *legitimate* representatives of the meanings they are, in the passages I have quoted, intended to express. I will meet her with Johnson's *Dictionary* in my hand, or rather in both hands; and, notwithstanding her previous examination, I flatter myself that I shall be able to convince her, from that source alone, of the justice of my censures.

As to the pretended verb, to *progress*, of which *progressed* and *progressing* are the pretended participles, it does not exist in the language, any more than *to ingress*, *to egress*, which might be formed with equal propriety. We have *progress*, *progression*, *progressive*, *progressively*, but, *to progress* 'is not used.' Dr. Johnson, indeed, inserts *to progress*, but only to stigmatise it; he tells us, not merely that it is *obsolete* (for, in that case, it might once have been legitimate), but that it is *not used*. He gives us no instance of its use, except in Shakespeare, and from this writer produces but one example. There is no modern English writer, or speaker, elegant or vulgar, who would think of using it. No slip of the tongue could lead him into it. It would be as natural in him to talk Arabic. *Progressing* is a *shiboleth*, which marks the American as decidedly as *would* for *should*, and *will* for *shall*, and 'last evening', marks the Scot. 'Last evening', too, instead of *yesterday evening*, is among the elegant phrases incorporated with the 'American language.'

'*To* PROGRESS, *v. n.* [*progredior*, Lat.] To
'move forward; to pass. Not used.
'Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
'That silverly doth *progress* on thy cheeks.
'*Shakesp.*'
*Johnson's Dictionary.*

As a general rule, then, let Columbia be persuaded wholly to avoid the use of *progressed*, *progressing*, and *to progress*, in like manner as she would *inconsideracy*, and other coinages of the vulgar. By *to progress* is intended to be signified *to go forward*. There are two words to be employed for this purpose; to *proceed* and to *advance*: to proceed is to *go forward*, to advance is to *come forward*. We had *gone* thus far; we had *proceeded* thus far; we had *advanced* thus far; but not, we had *progressed* thus far!

I can account for the use of *progressed* in *America*, while it is never heard of in England, only by supposing that it was brought over by the Puritans, who were but little of *Purists*.

With respect to *opposed*, I have not much to say. *Opposed* is a very proper word, in its proper place; but how ridiculous is it not to use a passive expression in an active sense! Shall we, instead of saying *we beat*, say, *we are beaten?* and, if not, how can we say, because we *oppose* a thing, that we *are opposed* to it? I understand what it is to oppose one thing to another; I like, for instance, to oppose sense to nonsense; but I must grow more nonsensical than ever before I tell the world that *I am opposed* to nonsense. In theory, at the least, I am an enemy to nonsense; I am adverse, unfriendly, hostile; I may even *oppose myself* to it; but I cannot *be* opposed. What, or who, is to *oppose* me? The general rule, here, is, that verbs active, passive, and neuter, are severally to be used in their respective characters, and not otherwise. The citizens and nobility of Vienna might be adverse to the war; but how they could be *opposed* to it I cannot imagine. If these words can be fairly said to mean anything, their meaning is a monstrously absurd one. The only sense that can be made of them is, that the citizens and nobility of Vienna were in some way or other employed (by the emperor, it must be presumed) to stop the commencement of the war; or, in the language of poetry, to bear the brunt of the battle. Thus, we can readily understand what is meant when, in Count Starhemberg's Memoir, we are told, 'It is to this circumstance 'that the French troops which *were opposed* 'to ours owe the superiority of their num-'bers;' but I will never believe, even on Mr. Randolph's authority, that poor Mr.

Smilie 'was opposed to such war (if war it 'may be called) as was waged' [in 1793]. No!—that Mr. Smilie is a sound and zealous patriot, and a brave man—that he is 'himself a host,'—I have no reason to doubt; but, that, a solitary individual, he should have been opposed to the war of 1793 (let that war be magnified or diminished by what language it may) nothing shall induce me to think possible. No man, that does not stand in need of Mr. Randolph's own recipe, 'a dark room, strait waistcoat, and depletion,' will ever listen to it. To *oppose* Austro-Russian troops to French troops is fair play; but that, out of seven millions of souls, a single honest citizen should be *opposed*—the *enfant perdu*—the forlorn hope—the Quintus Curtius of his country,

Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief!

I insert every syllable of Johnson on the verb *to oppose;* an example of the passive verb, *to be opposed*, is not in his book; unless under his *verb neuter;* that example is, however, from Shakespeare, who is no authority for modern English, even if he were for that of his own time. It is useful for every consulter of Johnson's Dictionary to recollect, that his quotations are given as examples, not as authorities.

'*To* OPPOSE, *v. a. opposer*, Fr. *oppono*, 'Lat.]

'1. To act against; to be adverse; to hinder; to resist.

'There's no bottom, none
'In my voluptuousness: and my desire
'All continent impediments wou'd o'erbear,
'That did *oppose* my will.
'*Shakesp. Macbeth.*

'2. To put in opposition; to offer as an antagonist or rival.

'If all men are not naturally equal, I 'am sure all slaves are; and then I may, 'without presumption, *oppose* my single 'opinion to his. *Locke.*

'3. To place as an obstacle.

'Since he stands obdurate,
'And that no lawful means can carry me
'Out of his envy's reach, I do *oppose*
'My patience to his fury. *Shakesp.*
'I thro' seas pursued their exil'd race,
'Engag'd the heav'ns, *oppos'd* the stormy 'main;
'But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in 'vain. *Dryd.*

'4. To place in front; to place over against.

'Her grace sat down
'In a rich chair of state; *opposing* freely
'The beauty of her person to the people.
'*Shakesp.*

'*To* OPPOSE, *v. n.*

'1. To act adversely.

'A servant, thrill'd with remorse,
'*Oppos'd* against the act, bending his 'sword
'To his great master. *Shakesp. King Lear.*
'He practised to dispatch such of the 'nobility as were like to *oppose* against his 'mischievous drift, and in such sort to en-'cumber and weaken the rest, that they 'should be no impediment to him.
'*Hayward.*'

In the extract from Hayward, for *to oppose against*, read *to be opposed to*, and the different senses of the two phrases will be instantly manifest.

The misapplication of *inform*, in the passage I quoted, consists in this, that *to inform* is a verb active, whereas it is there used as a verb neuter. *To relate, to describe*, are verbs neuter; we say, therefore, Rapin relates, Rapin describes, but not, Rapin *informs;* for the verb is here without a nominative case. We can say, What does he relate? What describe? but not, What does he inform? We must say, *Whom* does he inform?—Answer, He informs *us*. Instead, therefore, of saying, 'Captain Jones *informs* that he saw a French squadron,' we have no other alternative than that of saying, 'Captain Jones relates, or Captain Jones informs *us*, that he saw a French squadron.'

I transcribe Johnson, as before, for the re-consideration of Columbia.

'*To* INFORM, *v. a. informer*, Fr. *informo*, 'Lat.]

'1. To animate; to actuate by vital powers.

'All alike *inform'd*
'With radiant light, as glowing ir'n with 'fire. *Milt.*
'Let others better mould the running 'mass
'Of metals, and *inform* the breathing brass;
'And soften into flesh a marble face.
'*Dryden's Æn.*
'As from chaos, huddled and deform'd,
'The god struck fire, and lighted up the 'lamps
'That beautify the sky; so he *inform'd*
'This ill-shaped body with a daring soul.
'*Dryden and Lee.*
'Breath *informs* this fleeting frame.
'*Prior.*
'This sovereign arbitrary soul
'*Informs*, and moves, and animates the 'whole. *Blackmore.*
'While life *informs* these limbs, the 'king reply'd,
'Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd.
'*Pope.*

'2. To instruct; to supply with new know-'ledge; to acquaint. Before the thing 'communicated was anciently put *with*; 'now generally *of*; sometimes *in*. I know 'not how properly.

'The drift is to *inform* their minds *with* 'some method of reducing the laws into 'their original causes. *Hooker.*
'I have this present evening from my 'sister

'Been well *inform'd* of them, and with
'cautions. *Shakesp.*
'Our ruin, by thee *inform'd*, I learn.
'*Milton.*
'The long speeches rather confounded
'than *informed* his understanding.
'*Clarendon.*
'The difficulty arises not from what
'sense *informs* us *of*; but from wrong ap-
'plying our notions. *Digby.*
'Though I may not be able to *inform*
'men more than they know, yet I may give
'them the occasion to consider. *Temple.*
'The ancients examined in what consists
'the beauty of good postures, as their
'works sufficiently *inform* us. *Dryden.*
'He may be ignorant of these truths,
'who will never take the pains to employ
'his faculties to *inform* himself *of* them.
'*Locke.*
'To understand the commonwealth, and
'religion, is enough: few *inform* them-
'selves *in* these to the bottom. *Locke.*
'A more proper opportunity tends to
'make the narration more *informing* or
'beautiful. *Broome.*
'I think it necessary, for the interest of
'virtue and religion, that the whole king-
'dom should be *informed in* some parts of
'your character. *Swift.*
'3. To offer an accusation to a magistrate.
'Tertullus *informed* the governor against
'Paul. *Acts.*
'*To* INFORM, *v. n.* To give intelligence.
'It is the bloody business which *informs*
'Thus to mine eyes. *Shakesp. Macbeth.*'

There is another Americanism which the error before me forces into my mind. It is customary to say, *I notify you;* but, *to notify* signifies *to give notice*, or *to make known;* and nothing more: *to notify you*, therefore, amounts only to this—*to give notice you*, or, to *make known you;* either of which is no better than gibberish. If *notify* be esteemed too pretty a word not to be used upon every possible occasion, at the least, let it be followed by what is obviously wanting: *I notify* TO—.

Mr. Oldschool, I might, upon each of these points, have taken further grounds of defence; but it has appeared to me that those chosen are enough. It would give me great pleasure, were I sure that what I have here submitted to the judgment of Columbia were sufficiently comprehensive in its range, and clear in its mode, to afford that information the obtaining of which was the only object of her letter, and to offer which is equally the sole motive of mine.

QUIDNUNC.

## VARIETY.

The ensuing boastful advertisement, extracted from a paper published in the reign of queen Anne, is a curious specimen of quackery in literature:

"William Taywell undertakes to accomplish gentlemen, or other persons, of either sex, above the age of fourteen years, in the compleat knowledge of the Latin tongue, and make them capable of rendering Latin into English, and English into Latin, by their attendance only one hour at a time, 2 days in a week, in 3 months time from his first beginning to teach them, though they never learnt the language before: and, by an easy practical method, entirely new, founded upon undeniable reason and experience, and so wholly free from the tedious forms of schools, as not to require much study or pains, or be in the least burthensome to the memory, but is pleasant as well as profitable, and does not tire the person's patience in learning, or break the thoughts from, or hinder, any business."

A custom house officer lately allowed himself to become intoxicated when he ought to be attentive to his business. Upon which a wag observed, that Mr. *Gauge* had been perfectly attentive to his *customs*, but negligent of his *duties*.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have given to Viator a place in the first rank of correspondents. We hope that we shall have frequent opportunities of inserting the essays of a sensible man, and correct writer, whom we delight to honor. We exult that he employs his excellent archery against that nauseous, impure, and vulgar diction which has no authority in the *British Classics*.

The Editor, like his correspondent, Viator, wishes to be skilled in no other choice or combination of words than those which are derived from the country of his ancestors, and which constitute the *English* style. He is satisfied with *Bolingbroke* and *Burke*, and with *Addison* and *Goldsmith*. Let others make a new language from the colloquies of our clowns, from the drawling cant of provincial idioms, and the turbid oratory of a *Town* meeting.

'Hermione' is no relation to her Grecian predecessor.

'Pym' is rejected with a *Pish*.

# ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[*In the following Ode, Horace, in a strain of tender melancholy, pathetically laments the shortness of life, and the inefficacy of all human cares and precautions, to avert the inevitable hour of Death.*]

## ODE XIV, LIB. II.

### *To Posthumus.*

"Eheu! fugaces Posthume, Posthume,
"Labuntur anni." HOR.

Alas! my friend our fleeting years
Roll fast away—nor prayers nor tears
Avail to save our wasting breath,
Or shun the unerring stroke of Death:
No!.....should we offer every hour,
New victims slain to that dread power,
Hell's sov'reign lord—whose iron hand restrains
Gigantic Geryon's limbs in adamantine chains,
Where Tityrus 'gainst his rav'ning vulture raves,
While Styx confines them with its gloomy waves.
Sad stream! across whose sullen tide,
In Charon's bark must one day glide
All whom the fruits of earth sustain,
Whether the powerful prince, or humble rustic swain.
In vain we shun the battle's strife;
From roaring seas escape with life;
Vainly we guard, with anxious mind,
Against the bleak autumnal wind:
Condemn'd to wander thro' the shades below,
Where languid streams of black Cocytus flow;
Where murd'rous Danaids vent their fruitless moan,
And toiling Sisyphus pants with ceaseless groan.
Your house, your lands and cultivated farms,
The wife that fills your circling arms,
Must all be left—and not a tree,
Of all you rear'd, shall follow thee;
Cypress alone its mournful branches wave
O'er the green turf that marks its master's grave.
A worthier heir shall seize thy treasur'd hoard
Of mellow wines.....and, at his festive board,
With richer streams the marble floor distain,
Than, at their sumptuous feasts, luxurious pontiffs drain.

VALERIUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

*The amiable and beloved subject of the annexed jeu-d'esprit, who feels emotions with ten times the poignancy of ordinary mortals, on parting with the author, gave him a few exquisite lines, which ended with "Forget me not."*

TO MISS M. A.

Then doth my Girl awake her lyre,
And ask with true poetic fire,
Whether, through times oblivious age,
By folly led, or wisdom's page
Her Henry would forget her!

Oh! could I from my bosom tear,
My constant heart would quick declare,
How oft thy dear angelic form
Hath tranquilised the raging storm,
Sooth'd the wrinkled front of care,
And calm'd the horrors of despair.

How oft, when misery oppress'd,
Or cold neglect my soul depress'd,
Methought I saw thy bosom glow,
And sympathise in Henry's woe.

How oft, when wandering through the wild,
Thy fleeting form my time beguil'd,
Amid the dark impervious woods,
Or ploughing through the angry floods,
Methought I heard my love exclaim,
"Forget me not! we meet again."

How oft some rustic blue-ey'd maid
Luxuriant every charm display'd;
And, glowing with impetuous fire,
Tried all the arts which love inspire
To kindle me with soft desire!
Thy voice electric through me shot,
And breath'd aloud, "Forget me not!"

Forget thee! no, by Heaven I swear,
That while I breathe the vital air,
Whether a beggar or a king,
Drunk with love I'll wildly sing,
Till death shall point his barbed dart,
And pierce my fond expiring heart!

*Americanus.*

## EPIGRAM.

Good master Le Broek, ever fond of good wine,
Of pure water would calmly ne'er hear,
"Drop the subject," he cried, "if you friends are of mine,
Nor ere water my grave with a tear!"

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